

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday May 1st, 1941

CANADA'S MOUNTAIN PARKS

Autumn is perhaps the most glorious season of the year for holiday making in Canada's Parks. After a few light frosts at night most of the late lingering mosquitoes disappear until another summer. Deciduous trees on mountain side and in the valleys change to a garment of brilliant foliage and there is a riot of color everywhere. Wild life is in its prime and sensing the approach of winter is more active than usual. Big game come down into the valleys and are a common sight along the highways. Migratory birds are making many new acquaintances for company on their long journey southwards. Little mountain dwellers of the animal kingdom are hustling about collecting their winter food supply.

By comparison there is little hustle on the highways. Traffic at this time of the year decreased considerably and sight-seeing is therefore much more enjoyable. There is an exhilarating freshness and tang in the air which brings a healthful glow to the cheeks. Days, though getting shorter, are warmed by brilliant Autumn sunlight that seems to bring more and more of the wild creatures into the open. Camera hunting, always a popular pastime, becomes more fascinating than ever and the rewards are rich indeed.

Those great wild life sanctuaries the Mountain Parks of Canada, provide a variety of animal studies, from the lordly moose to the tiny chipmunk. Because of the sanctuary conditions imposed most of the animals, small and large have little or no fear of man. Few have heard the sound of a rifle and have come to regard visitors to the Parks as their friends, not enemies seeking their destruction. Late blooming wild flowers in the woodlands, and gorgeous floral displays around the parks' townships add to the charm and beauty of the scene. Truly this is an enchanting season in the mountains.

The restless mood which characterizes the wild creatures at this time of the year seems also to stimulate the adventurous spirit in man an imbue him with the wanderlust. Mountain streams and deep pools suggesting speckled trout call to him. Thoughts of winding trails and pack ponies conjure up visions of mooncussid Indians, teepees and log cabins deep in the forest. Stories of the early explorers who blaze the first trails through this mountain fastness are recalled and their exploits relived in imagination. He pictures himself as a successor to those hardy pioneers of bygone days and he has an impelling desire to emulate some of their achievements, without perhaps experiencing many of the attendant hardships. He beholds in fancy the lofty, snow-capped peaks, the hanging glaciers, the turbulent rivers and deep canyons which formed the "Great Barrier" of the "Western Sea". He yearns for a sight of the foaming water falls and jewel-like alpine lakes which make this a land of wonder and delight. He longs to follow the trails which lead into the primeval wilderness—into the very heart of nature herself; to follow in the footsteps of Mackenzie, Thompson, Fraser, Simp-

son, and other path-finders whose daring achievements are recorded in the stirring events of a century or more ago.

And suddenly he realizes that this is not merely a day dream; it's real and within his reach. The Mountain Parks are now accessible over good roads and are within easy distance by motor car from his home town. Through some of these National playgrounds he can follow the trails blazed by David Thompson, the story of whose epic journey across the Rockies to the Columbia river by way of Athabasca thrilled many a school boy. He can motor down the new highway through Jasper and Banff National Parks skirting on the way the great Columbia Icefield where at one point the tongue of Athabasca glacier comes down almost to the road side. As he enters Banff National Park by this route he is following the trail blazed by Sir James Hector Geologist with the Palliser expedition. He can retrace without leaving his motor car much of Hector's journey through the Kicking Horse Pass into the territory which now forms the Yoho and Kootenay National Parks. He may hear stories of the famous guide Tom Wilson whom the Indians led to "The Lake of the Little Fishes," now beautiful "Lake Louise." If he takes the Banff-Windermere Highway down through Kootenay Park it will lead him to the trail of another noted explorer, Sir George Simpson, a former Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and one of the most eminent pathfinders of a century ago. The recently completed "Big Bend Highway" will perhaps lure him to Mount Revelstoke National Park further to the west, a mountain kingdom literally above the clouds, clothed with forests of spruce and balsam fir, and jewel-studded with alpine lakes. His motor tour of the Mountain Parks would not be complete without a visit to Waterton Lakes National Park down in the southwest corner of Alberta. This Park with its multi-colored hills and forests slopes is rich in stories of stirring adventure. Its secluded valleys figure prominently in the early history of the "wild west" and once sheltered the stolen herds of cattle rustlers. Here many a bitter conflict took place between warring Indian tribes before the red-coated Mountie brought law and order to the region. The traveller will be reminded here also of another member of the famous Palliser expedition, Lieutenant Thomas Blakiston, R.A., who crossed the South Kootenay Pass on his journey to discover a feasible route through the mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

And so the modern "pathfinder" takes the trail that leads to the mountains, a trail now broad and smooth and easy to follow. Behind him he leaves the noise and turmoil of a busy world; before him lies the peace, the mystery and the autumn charm of the Mountain Parks with their perpetual grandeur, their history, their romance and their eternal call to the adventurous.

The Ladies Card Club met Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Robinson. Honorary were shared by Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Lee. The Club will meet next week at the home of Miss Byler.

If This Fail

"If this fail,
The pillard firmament" is rotten-
ness
And earth's base built on stubble.
Milton

"If this fail!"
It shall not fail!
This glorious emprise—
To which an Em ire sends
Her sons . . . her splendid sons.
These will not compromise
With the foul thing—too evil for
a name,
That shameless deeds put to still
greater shame.

"If this fail?"
It must not fail!
This glorious crusade
That challenges—as Arthur's
Knights of yore,
The foes of Freedom upon any
shore.
Defeat?—how can our hearts
disown
A craven word that we have never
known?
On—Ever on—until the master-
trust
Shall liberate the final barricade.
From this dark horror—this u-
holy lust,
That grinds the alters of the world
to dust.

"If this fail!"
It will not fail!
This sacrificial Cause
For God's eternal laws.
Though craning triumph wait
At some disputed gate—
That "victory by endurance born"
Shall tune its song to greet a
happier morn,
The "pillard firmament" still
wears,
Its starry diadem,
St. George of England rides again
And faith's foundations still
remain
In Bethlehem.

Blanche E. Holt Marison,
Vancouver, B. C.

Urge Farmers To Use Good Seed

Drumheller, March 20
Irrespective of what they intend to do with the idle land, as acreage it is to be cut to meet requirements, Alex Sinclair, secretary of the Alberta Seed growers, advised Drumheller farmers at the Agricultural short course held here Tuesday afternoon, to use good seed for the land they do till.

Good seed, he said, is registered seed. "If you are using a seed which is not giving you the highest yield, you are increasing your cost of production. It has been found in many cases that it is better for the farmer to sell their own seed and purchase the higher grade. It is cheaper to buy good seed than to use your own."

He related a number of different crops of forage and other feed which could be planted on the idle acreage with profit and advantage to the farmer, and would make the land more fertile.

LOCAL NEWS

The Chinook United Sunday school will present a concert in the School Auditorium at 8 p. m. on Friday, May 2nd. The programme includes songs, duets, recitations, plays, etc. Every one is asked to come out and enjoy the proceedings.

The Friendly Circle will meet with Miss McDonald in the hotel Wednesday evening, May 7th. All members and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

E. McDonald

Mr. W. Gallagher has been busy painting and decorating in the Chinook Hotel for the past two weeks, and this week is painting and papering at Cereal.

The Mah Bros Restaurant business has increased so much that they have found it necessary to build an addition to their kitchen.

Mr. W. J. Thompkins has been very ill in bed for some week afflicted with rheumatic fever.

Mr. Barros and daughter, Mrs. Bangs visited with their son on their farm at Biudlos this week.

Olga Ziawasky spent a few days in Calgary last week.

Mr. J. E. Cooley was a Calgary visitor for a couple of days this week.

Mr. Maudsley was a Hanna visitor on Tuesday.

Mr. Jas. Duck left Monday for Endiang, Alta, where he will act as relieving agent at the station for a few weeks.

Mr. H. Ford was a Calgary business visitor last week.

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MAY 17-28

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" whole kernel Corn per tin		.15
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Dew-Kist Peas & Carrots	2 for	.28
Prairie Maid Cut Wax Beans	"	.28
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Empress Red Plum Jam	per tin	.47
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THAT'S MY CHEW

Health With Wheat

As a stimulus to a more permanent agriculture, the federal government's wheat acreage policy may well prove to be a blessing in disguise and the time may come when those farmers, if there are any left, who are inclined to indulge in a lot of grubbing because conditions make it impossible to continue to pile up unsold wheat at a profit to themselves, will have good reason to change their viewpoint.

Apart from the unwisdom of calling upon the nation to divert large sums of money for the production of huge quantities of wheat which may not be required for some years, when it is so urgently and immediately needed for other phases of the war effort, the new policy of encouraging curtailment of wheat production should have the effect of laying the foundation for a stable agriculture which, in the future, will at least ensure a living for the farmer and his family and eliminate some of the evils and the risks attendant upon putting all the eggs in one basket.

The extent to which the farmer will willingly and cheerfully face the facts of the situation and co-operate with the government in this necessary move, to that degree will the time be hastened when Western Canadian agriculture will be a more reliable and dependable industry than it has been hitherto.

The federal government has announced that the amount of wheat that can be marketed this year will be limited to a total of 230,000,000 bushels. While the bonus to be paid for the excess acreage summer-fallow or seeded to coarse grains and grasses over and above the acreage sown to wheat in 1940 is based on acreage, the amount of wheat that can be accepted for the market is based on yield. So that even if the farmer cuts his wheat acreage to 65 per cent. of the area seeded to wheat last year he may still have an uneasable surplus, if 1941 turns out to be a high yield season.

A Shared Responsibility

Thus, while the government has assumed the responsibility of encouraging reduction of acreage seeded to wheat, some responsibility for the ultimate result of this year's operations is left with the farmer and that, of course, as it should be.

Given a good year it is quite possible that, even with wheat acreage cut to 65 per cent. of that of 1940, the season may produce more wheat than can be marketed and, in that event, with all elevator storage space occupied, the farmer may have to face the problem of storing such surplus.

As the war progresses and until hostilities cease with an Allied victory this problem of wheat surpluses may become even more acute than it appears to be now, since overseas markets, what little is left of them, may suffer even further contraction before they again open up. This presages the necessity for exploring the possibility of converting wheat to other uses or of encouraging greater consumption of wheat, domestically or in the contracted export market.

It is encouraging to find that some effort is being made in the latter direction with the recent announcement of Dr. F. F. Tisdall of Toronto, nutrition adviser to the federal department of national defence who told a Winnipeg audience that the addition of vitamin B₁ to wheat, which contains about 75 per cent. of necessary vitamins has been perfected by Dominion government researchers. This compares with the retention of only 15 per cent. of the vitamins under existing processes.

Dr. Tisdall accompanied this very important announcement with the declaration that: "If Canadians used the new type flour in place of the old, they would receive for nothing, at drug store prices, \$34,000,000 of Vitamin B₁ and over \$6,000,000 of other B vitamins in the course of one year."

Even more important and even startling was his purported further statement in the same address that "If the people of Great Britain and Canada were properly fed, instead of a food surplus there would be a food shortage," this statement insofar as Canada is concerned being based on his assertion that surveys by the department of pensions and national health showed that a considerable proportion of Canada's population was not receiving the proper food.

The Staff Of Life

For many generations bread has been referred to as the "staff of life." There was probably a great deal more truth in the statement in the generation in which it was coined, when flour was coarse ground in small country mills than to-day, for it is common knowledge that with the development of a highly mechanized flour industry, such as we have it today, the refined process has "ground out" much of the vitamin content and valuable mineral constituents, essential to health and well being, from the resultant commodity.

The perfection of this new process, it may well be hoped, will not only serve to promote greater health for the nation and for the people of Great Britain, but will help to some extent to partially solve the wheat surplus problem in this country.

It is not long ago that one of the health authorities on this continent stated that the addition of synthetic vitamins to the diet is not nearly as effective as vitamins taken in the natural form, and if this be true, health can be promoted not only more effectively but more cheaply by the retention of these life-giving ingredients as Nature presents them.

Unless the headlight reflectors of an automobile are polished often, they become tarnished and the light is not reflected evenly.

Visitor: "How many students are there in the university?"
Guide: "About one in every five."

Everyone makes a mistake now and then, but why pick out a grade crossing for a background?



Food Safeguards
Establishments operating in Canada under the Meat and Canned Foods Act numbered 88 in 1940. Twenty-five were in Ontario, 21 in Quebec, 11 in Manitoba, 10 in British Columbia, eight in Alberta, five each in Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan, and three in New Brunswick. There were none in Nova Scotia.

A Peculiar Accident
In the Delaware River, a cargo of gravel shifted suddenly in a steel barge. The barge turned over on a wooden scow beside it; the two clamped deck to deck like the shells of a clam. Rivermen are wondering how to get them apart.

Believes In Fate

Winston Churchill Has Had Many Narrow Escapes From Death

That Winston Churchill has nine times the proverbial nine lives of a cat is the firm belief of Phyllis Moir whose book, "I Was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary," is off the press.

As proof of her assertion, Miss Moir recited these facts: "At the age of four, he fell off a donkey in Ireland and suffered concussion. At 17, he fell 30 feet off a bridge onto a stony-river-bed. When he was British observer with the Spanish army in Cuba, a bullet whizzed over his head just as he leaned over to swallow a mouthful.

At Omdurman, an injured right arm caused him to carry a Mauser pistol instead of a saber and thanks to the pistol, he shot his way to safety when cut off by a group of maddened dervishes. On the North-west frontier in India and in the Boer War he came unscathed through engagements in which most of those around him were killed."

"In the first World War, Churchill once left his dugout for a few minutes and came back to find it looking to pieces by a heavy shell," continued Miss Moir, who has been private secretary to a number of well-known persons, but who considers her service with Britain's premier as a "private secretaryship" to end all private secretaryships—"so far as she is concerned." "He has been involved in countless plane crashes. In New York, at the age of 57, he was run over by a car, suffered several injuries and pulled through, his vigor unimpaired. It is not surprising that the premier minister has come to believe that fate has played a part in his many escapes. 'Life is a whole and luck is a whole and the two cannot be separated' is a favorite maxim in the Churchillian philosophy."

Churchill has many hobbies, Miss Moir writes. They range from painting to bicycling and from fishing to having his blood pressure taken. He also likes picnics but they must be elaborate affairs with champagne. He smokes 15 cigars a day and his cigar, the author holds, has taken the place of Chamberlain's umbrella as the British national emblem.

A lip and a stutter were Churchill's handicaps from birth. Miss Moir found the lip pronounced when she took dictation from him, and when excited, Churchill stuttered. But on the public platform and before a microphone, there is no stutter and the lip is imperceptible. That he overcame such obstacles in his chosen career she holds is indeed a high tribute to his perseverance. "I never detected an ounce of sentimentality in the man," writes Miss Moir, "and that perhaps is what makes him one of the greatest war leaders of all time... as a war leader, Mr. Churchill has at last found his mission."

Hold Interesting Relics

Tombs Uncovered in Holy Land Date From First Century A.D.

Word comes from Jerusalem that a necropolis dating from the First Century A.D. has been uncovered upon a hillside near a German-Jewish township named Nahariyah, north of Acre, town famed in the history of the Crusades.

Three groups of tombs have already been cleared. One group consists of a central hall surrounded by chambers that were found to contain several clay coffins in which were remains of adult and child burials. There were also bronze and glass household utensils, such as lamps, vases and dishes, and coins which apparently were funerary ornaments.

Other tombs apparently had been stripped of their furnishings at some remote date, but one chamber that has been cleared appears to have been prepared by a husband and wife as a family vault; portraits of the deceased are painted upon a wall with an accompanying Greek inscription now in process of translation.

Big Job For Divers

May Try To Recover Pennies Tossed From Forth Bridge

It is supposed to bring luck to anyone crossing Scotland's Forth bridge to toss a penny into the river. The bridge—and the superstition—have been in operation 50 years, and an average of 500 people a day cross it.

Now the Government has been urged to send divers to the water to recover an estimated £40,000 (about \$160,000).—Maclean's Magazine.

Midget automobile racing is now a full-time occupation for about 500 American sportsmen. 2409

Japan Has Glass Boom

Home And Foreign Demand Said To Be Taxing Supply

Due to the discovery of a raw process for the extraction of silica from sand and the substitution of lead oxide for potash in the making of glass, the manufacture of this product, according to the Tokyo papers, is rapidly become one of the stable products of the country, with glass instead of paper in windows, some houses even with facades of glass, and with a constantly augmenting export trade.

While architects and builders are feverishly at work taking advantage of the glass boom, the export trade has increased by leaps and bounds with some 80,000 cases of sheet glass going abroad in the closing month of 1940, according to one paper which adds:

"Especially is this situation manifest in exports to the countries in Central and South America, the South Sea Islands and British India. "Prior to the outbreak of the second European war, sheet glass had been exported chiefly by Belgium, Germany (erstwhile Czechoslovakia) and Japan. Now that the first two countries are involved in the current war and are unable to export aggressively, makers in this country are simply inundated with countless number of inquiries and orders.

"Especially has this trend been conspicuous in recent months since the stock in the consuming countries is now practically depleted. Including the unit price is also said to be rising at big strides."

SELECTED RECIPES

CORN TASTY

8 Christie's soda wafers, crumbled
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon mustard
1/2 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
1 egg
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 cups corn
Combine crumbled wafers, salt, mustard and paprika. Melt butter in pan and stir in cracker mixture. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. When boiling point is reached, remove from fire and stir into slightly beaten eggs. Add Worcestershire sauce and corn and cook gently over low flame for five minutes longer. Six portions.

FRUIT AU GRATIN

8 canned or stewed pear or peach halves, or pineapple slices
Oven popped rice cereal crumbs
Butter
Drain fruit, saving the juice. Roll fruit in crumbs. Place in buttered baking dish, cut side up. Dot with butter. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 to 425 degrees F.) until crumbs are brown. Serve with Lemon Spice Sauce. Yield: 4 servings.

Lemon Spice Sauce
1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup fruit juice
2 tablespoons butter
1 1/2 teaspoons lemon juice
Nutmeg Salt
Mix sugar and cornstarch in saucepan. Add fruit juice gradually. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add butter, lemon juice, nutmeg and salt.

An Unusual Display

Rare Dolls Including World's Oldest Exhibited In New York

In New York 3,000 rare and unusual dolls have been making their bow to the public for the first time. These dolls are the property of persons all over the United States, among them are dolls representing Winston Churchill and Abraham Lincoln. The world's oldest doll goes back 2,000 years. She's Corinthia, dug up from the ruins of the city of Corinth. Sharing the spotlight with her are the Alice in Wonderland dolls, which belong to the music critic, Deems Taylor. Jonas Gans, a retired business man, is showing a collection of sea-shell dolls he made himself. Among the most unusual group are dolls belonging to an elderly postal clerk, Grace Schulte. They date back to the American civil war.

Everybody Happy

The town of Glenpool, Okla., with population of 334 and a reputation for economy, hasn't had a municipal election for 12 years. "Everyone's happy, why should we," said Floyd Vowell, who has been mayor all that time.

The human heart averages 60 to 80 beats per minute, but may drop as low as 16 beats, or speed up to more than 200.

The Panama Canal Zone, of the greatest strategic value to the United States, is only 549 square miles in area.

When a fellow guards carefully all the little things of life, he's soon able to take care of the biggest things.

A well-bred person is one who does not boast of it.

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BRITISH WAR VICTIMS' FUND

The fund sponsored by the Toronto Evening Telegram and inaugurated some months ago, has met with a most encouraging response. Daily the fund is growing and the donations received from many unexpected sources are swelling in volume. Up to April 19th the Telegram reported the total receipts as \$575,191.95.

Studying Astronomy

There has sprung up a demand for easy text-books on astronomy. The reason is the long hours, often idle, spent by fire-watchers on roof-tops, reports a London Daily Sketch writer, who, when he went to relieve a colleague himself on a roof, found an expert giving elementary lessons.

Each year approximately 3,500 tons of steel are consumed by the motion picture industry in the construction and furnishing of movie "sets".

Prohibited In Canada

Oleomargarine is prohibited in Canada but is still made and sold in the United States. Over there it is heavily taxed, 25 of the States taxing its sale in amounts ranging as high as 15c per lb. in the dairy states to 5c in the beef and cotton-seed producing States.

Lake Balkal, in southern Siberia, is the largest fresh water lake in Asia, and the deepest fresh water lake in the world.

An over-age pilot corps flies British planes from factories to Royal Air Force fields.



OVERHEARD AT THE GROCERY STORE...

MY HUBBY CARRIES HIS LUNCH WRAPPED IN PARA-SANI... IT KEEPS SO FRESH AND TASTY!



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DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER IV.

That moment Wong announced dinner—and reprieve for Devona. The sudden stir of voices, the movement across the long drawing room to the big, cool dining room beyond gave her time to marshal her emotions. It was so ridiculous—being upset like this just because a man she'd met less than 12 hours before smiled at some other woman.

Still she couldn't smother the little hope that at least she would be placed next to Dale at the table.

ward Vana to catch some half-whispered remark. If Dale were in love with Vana—

Dinner finally dragged to an end and dancing was begun on the long verandah overlooking the garden.

At the end of the first number Talbot released her, stood looking down at her as if for the first time. "I knew you'd dance well," he said abruptly.

"Did you? How?"

"Because you walk well. Gracefully. Few American women do. It's music, I think."

The music began again, and Talbot took her back into his arms. "You've had an unusual education, haven't you?"

"I've been exposed to education in some strange places, if that's what you mean," she smiled. "Swiss convents, French boarding schools, English tutors and a father who thought a trip to Victoria Falls or a summer's trek through German cathedrals more important than a college degree."

"And wasn't it?"

Dale, with Vana in his arms, danced past her shoulder. Maybe if she'd grown up to the more conventional sophistication of her mother's bright world it might have been different. "Sometimes—I wonder."

And when the dreamy wait ended, Talbot looked at her, suddenly very serious. "How long are you staying here?"

Devona started. "Why—I don't know. Indefinitely, perhaps. This is to be my home."

Talbot shook his head. "I'm not sure you should. I'm afraid all this may spoil you." His shrug included the crowd's motion, the shrill clatter of women's voices, the clink of thin-stemmed glasses. "You're rather perfect, you know, just as you are." Devona flushed warmly, tried to read between the lines of his scorn. Just what did he mean? A child, was she, not grown up enough to be interesting to her mother's worldly friends? Was this Talbot's way of telling her she wasn't wanted here?

In the middle of that thought,



A cool little smile hid her inner fury. "I'll risk that. And now, if you'll excuse me—"

He bowed. "Certainly."

Then, deliberately, head very high, the cool little smile still in place, she crossed the room to where Dale stood talking to Vana.

"I want to be danced with, Dale," she dared and held out her hands to him. "You've talked to Vana long enough."

Vana covered surprise with a little smile. "Yes, dance with the child, Dale. And come talk to me about that other later."

"Child!" Devona echoed as Dale slipped his arm around her. "Do I look so terribly half-grown?"

"You look like a very stunning young woman," Dale smiled, his blue eyes warm.

The music stopped, and they stood watching the moon lay a shimmering mantle on the patio fountain.

"It's stuffy in here," she began calmly. "Let's go out."

Dale kept one slim hand in his as they strolled across the shadow-patterned lawn to the big pool.

"Gorgeous night, isn't it?" she said when the silence became unmanageable.

"Yes—gorgeous," but he was looking at her. "What are you like behind that pretty smile?" he asked, half serious, half joking.

"Just a sweet 16-year-old who's never been kissed," she mocked with just a shade of bitterness.

"If you aren't just that, you're a swell imitation."

His arm slipped around her waist,

she tried desperately to match Dale's cool indifference.

She didn't see Dale again until it was time to say good night. Most of the other guests had gone to their rooms, but Devona had lingered, hoping for a word, a gesture, some sign that Dale was just a little interested.

But his blue eyes were masked when he said, "Good night, Devona." Long after she'd slipped into the great oaken bed she lay wide-eyed, staring into the darkness. "Dale," she whispered, and the sound sent waves of trembling washing over her. His eyes, his deep voice, his smile—warm refuge from the coolness of Vana's welcome.

He must care a little—his eyes had said so. And yet—something was strangely wrong. As if his caring were against his will. That cold "good night" like a door closed firmly in her face.

Why was this sinister something that made blind allies of her every thought, her every hope? Formless, nameless, yet omnipresent, it stalked her like some very real ghost. Talbot, George Barnard, Vana and Dale himself hinting, warning, drawing curtains over some strange reason for her leaving this—her only home. What did it mean? What could it mean?

(To Be Continued)

Praises Spitfire Planes

Member Of American Eagle Squadron Says They Are Beauties

Byron Fees Kennerly, flight commander of the American Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F., is home on furlough.

The tanned, 32-year-old Spitfire pilot, who was a building contractor at Pasadena, Cal., before he left for England to join the R.A.F., scoffed at rumors of a shortage of British planes.

"England is covered with R.A.F. fighter planes, and her supply of excellent U.S. and British bombers is rapidly growing," he declared.

The leading American in the R.A.F., Kennerly has had several hundred hours in the air at the controls of the speedy, eight machine-gun Spitfires. He says they handle like "little beauties."

He told of the ground crew's worship of the Spitfires and their young pilots.

"The eight men who comprise the ground crew of each plane will fight at the drop of a hat if anyone says anything against their plane or its pilot."

The crew puts little patches over each gun's mouth to cut the wind resistance. If the patches are gone when the plane returns, the crew cheers. The men know the plane got a great start at a Jerry.

When R.A.F. pilots are shot down, Kennerly said, they have special guns with incendiary bullets which they fire to demolish their own planes. Radio sets are destroyed by T.N.T. before a British plane lands on enemy territory.

Next pilots, according to Kennerly, apparently believe that a large part of the British Isles has already been captured by Hitler's troops.

He recalled how one young German aviator, after his ship had been shot down over an English countryside, hurried to a farmhouse and asked the way to the nearest German army base.

The Eagle Squadron commander, who received a furlough after he injured both ears in a 500-mile-an-hour-plus power dive, is relaxing in southern California.

Continue To Fight

Cannot Be Any Patched-Up Peace After This War

A patched-up peace after this war is useless, "we must continue to fight until the curse of Nazidom can be eradicated," Sir Robert Clive, British diplomat, said in an address at Montreal.

Speaking under auspices of the National Council of Education, Sir Robert said the German people must be made to understand they cannot dominate the world. "It is inconceivable that Hitler can ever succeed where Napoleon failed."

Sir Robert discussed the League of Nations and predicted that a new League would arise after the war "better and wiser for the failure of the last one."

New Rocket Engine

An engineer recently invented a rocket engine which he claims would be used in conjunction with conventional power will increase the bomb load of a plane 85 per cent, and decrease take-off distance one-third.

There are more bones in the skull of an infant than there are in the skull of an adult.

The most useless thing on earth is an airplane.

Quick Action Necessary

More Than Wishful Thinking Is Needed To Shorten War

Even if the British are ultimately driven from the mainland, Herr Hitler still has not won his war and will know that he has not won it. The same is even more true of the advances in Cyrenaica; though they constitute a prestige victory of importance and a harassing embarrassment to other British efforts in the eastern Mediterranean, they cannot have decisive value unless they begin to threaten Egypt. One cannot say the same for the tonnage figures in the Atlantic; unfortunately, unless that curve can be checked and turned downward, the peril will begin to be acute. We know that this war can be won, given time and energy; there is nothing yet even to prove that the Balkan campaign, whatever its miseries for the peoples on the ground and whatever the outcome, will not yield a return commensurate with its costs. It is its swift course is another reminder that this war, and the world with it, can be lost unless more than words and wish-thinking are flung into the balance against the tanks and bombs with which the new tyranny advances.—New York Herald Tribune.

For The Navy

Women Of Canada Have Knitted Comforts Forward By The Red Cross

Since the outbreak of war the Canadian Red Cross Society has been continuously distributing necessary and very welcome comforts—socks, sweaters, scarves, helmets, mitts, underwear wind-breakers—to the men of the Navy and Merchant Marine, both of Canada and of Great Britain.

Up to the end of February a total of 164,871 articles had been supplied to men in the Canadian Navy. In addition to this, 34,907 similar gifts were made to the men of the Canadian Merchant Marine, bringing the total to 199,778 articles distributed in Canada.

Emergency gifts to the Navy League in Great Britain for the use of men of the British Navy, totalled 84,711 for the same period and, further, 128,388 comforts were distributed among nine other seamen's organizations of Great Britain.

This means that, from the yarn and materials purchased by the Canadian Red Cross Society and given out to its numerous branches, the women of Canada have provided 412,883 articles for these men of the seas.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

PRaise

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.—Hare.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation or animate enterprise.—Samuel Johnson.

As the Greek said, many men know how to flatter; few know, to praise.—Wendell Phillips.

It is difficult to say which may be most mischievous to the human heart, the praise or the dispraise of men.—Mary Baker Eddy.

It takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise. Censure seldom does us much hurt.—Spurgeon.

Think not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults.—Socrates.

Joins Up With British

Captain In Russia's Former, Imperial Army Now A Lieutenant

Captain Soldatenko, of the Tsar's Imperial army, went into khaki, when he became a lieutenant in the British army recently. Aristocrat of the old regime and diplomat after the Great War, he has exchanged his apartment at the Ritz for a billet somewhere in England, the Daily Sketch reports. Latterly, when still in khaki, he could be seen bicycling to work from his billet each day, but he always arrived spotlessly attired.

Nazis Take French Wine

Although the French vineyards yielded a bumper harvest last season, Vichy has warned the French that they must drink less wine—because so much must be sent to their German masters. Efforts are being made to get wine from the French North African Empire to help ease the shortage.

London's 242 police horses, regularly on duty, are no more worried by guns and bombs than they are by cheering crowds and brass bands, police officials say. 2409



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Fit By Pinning Fabric to Chair

That faded Cinderella of your chair may become a queen overnight. For to-day you can pin on colorful spring slip-cover material—and tomorrow you can baste and finish.

It's as simple as that to make such a smart slip cover as we've pictured—and smart it is, in beige, coral and coral, with seams finished in coral welting.

Following the pin-on method you needn't be "handy." Just remove the chair cushion and smooth your fabric over the outside-back and seat, leaving a 4-inch tuck-in between. For welted seams, work with fabric wrong side out. Then you pin every 3 inches and cut off surplus material outside the pins, allowing 1½ inches for seams.

In the very same way, fit the arms, sides, back and cushion. Now pin together all seams and baste, inserting the welting from the right side.

This half completes your slip cover! All that remains is to stitch it up and add the fringe.

Our 32-page booklet gives exact details, step-by-step diagrams for making slip covers for differently shaped chairs and sofas, also auto seats. Tells how to trim, make pleated flounces.

Send 15 cents in coins for your copy of "How to Make Slip Covers" to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg News-Paper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

The following booklets are also available at 15c each:

- 105—"How to Make Rock Gardens and Lily Pools."
- 114—"Good Letter-Writing Made Easy."
- 116—"How to Choose and Care for Your Dog."
- 147—"How to Budget and Buy for Better Living."
- 151—"Fun With Fortune Telling."
- 157—"Decorative Things to Make With Paper."

A Home Guard Story

Brigadier Found The Personnel Had War Experience

Major-General J. H. Beith, in an address on "The Army of To-day" at the Royal Empire Society, told the following story: Not long ago a brigadier happened to pass a Home Guard sentry post in London. He recognized the sentry—his own solicitor—who turned out the guard. They were all elderly, and most of them wore a good many service ribbons. He asked one man, "What were you before you joined the Home Guard?" "A rear-admiral, Sir." He passed to the next. "And what were you?" "A major-general, Sir." He moved somewhat hurriedly to the third man. "You are wearing some decorations that I don't seem to recognize at all. Foreign, I suppose?" "I was an ambassador, Sir." After that the brigadier dismissed the guard.—London Times.

British fliers say that snow falling on fighter planes may add nearly 200 pounds to the load, and on a large bomber 1,000 pounds may be added.



Dale, with Vana in his arms, danced past Devona's shoulder. And as he did so again, that strange feeling came into Devona's heart. What hold did Vana have on Dale's affection? She asked herself

"Dale, darling, take me in please," Vana, one hand gracefully high against the window frame, stood so that the heavy maroon velvet drapes made startling background for her white gown.

"Sure," Dale smiled and slipped her arm through his. Devona felt her heart plummet. "Tal, you'll take care of Devona, won't you, angel?" Vana smiled carelessly toward them.

Tal nodded. "Then, to Devona, he said, 'Looks like you're stuck,' as he guided her toward the dining room. 'And I'm rotten company these days, too.'"

"Don't be silly," Devona insisted politely and washed that they weren't seated at the opposite end of the table from Vana and Dale at an angle from which Devona couldn't help seeing how beautiful her mother was. And how obviously devoted Dale was.

Jerking back her jealousy, she turned to Tal and smiled encouragingly. "Tell me about your play."

"I wrote it just for her," his dark eyes burned feverishly. "If she can't put it over, nobody can."

"She will, I'm sure," Devona encouraged him. "After all, it must be good or she wouldn't have chosen to act in it."

And suddenly she really hoped it was good—terribly good. Enough to succeed. It would have to succeed if this strangely violent young brother of Dale's was to keep his sanity. Anybody could see that.

Devona found herself searching Dale's face hungrily as he leaned to—

George Barnard tapped Tal's shoulder.

"Having a good time?" Barnard slipped an arm around her waist.

He danced well, with a smooth, old-fashioned precision. Devona, following easily, smiled up at him. "Lovely. Does mother—Vana, I mean—have parties like this often?"

"Every night," Barnard grinned wryly. "Even when she's doing six evening and two matinee performances a week. None of us can see how she keeps it up."

Devona glanced toward Vana's laughing face. "Maybe because she's—happy?"

"Happy? Vana?" Barnard shook his head. "She'll never be happy."

"Why?"

"Ambition, I guess." Then, abruptly, his smile disappeared behind a frown. "How long do you plan to stay here?"

Startled, Devona stared at him. "You're the second person this evening who has asked me that. Why?"

"Because this is no place for you." "But why not?" Anxiously, she searched his face, as fears stalked into her mind, total possession.

"You don't even belong to this generation—much less a gang like this."

So that was it. That was probably what Talbot had meant, too. That she was just one out of the Victorian era with about as much glamor as cambric tea. Her chin nodded higher. "How do you know I don't belong?"

Barnard smiled indulgently. As if, she thought, suddenly angry, she were a little granddaughter begging to stay up past her bedtime.

"You're sweet, honest, unspooled. That's why."

"And that makes me unweelcome?" "No—unsafe,"—dryly.





CHINOOK UNITED CHURCH

Church Service 11:45 p. m.

Sunday School 10:30 a. m.

All are cordially invited to attend

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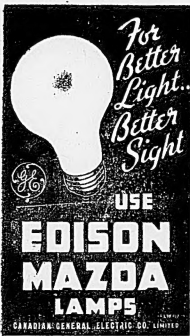
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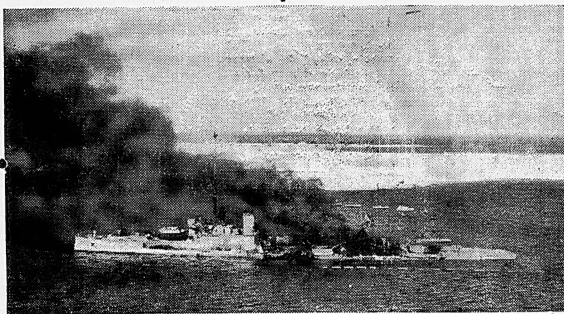
—keep up your pledge. See your investment grow as the months go by; INCREASE the amount you have promised to save and invest. And remember that, in addition to your regular pledged amount, you can at any time buy extra War Savings Certificates from your local Bank—Post Office—or you can send your money direct to the War Savings Committee in Ottawa.

Published by the War Savings Committee, Ottawa

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AS BRITISH TOOK TOBRUK

Tobruk, chief Italian seaport in Libya, was captured by the British Forces on January 21st.

In Tobruk harbour, the Italian gun cruiser San Giorgio, with an armament of four ten-inch guns and eight seven point five inch guns, had been used as a fortress.

This picture shows the San Giorgio, hit by the British and blazing furiously.

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MIIE DANGER SEEN AS TEMPERATURES RISE

Although removal of quotas has not appreciably speeded wheat deliveries in Alberta, grain is commencing to move from country points in fair volume, thanks to gradual return of cars tied up at the lakehead for many weeks.

Apart from the fact that the space being opened up will be necessary when farmers complete seeding and start hauling to the elevators, there are other benefits. With room to shift the grain around in the bins, elevator men are offered a better opportunity to control mites should the infestation develop with warmer weather.

While the mites have been unusually peaceful for some weeks, entomologists continue to remind grain companies that late May and June may see a resurrection in ratio to rising temperature.

At the present time most of the bins are on the chilly side and this may explain why the tiny pests apparently are nearer dead than dormant.

Word was received here this morning announcing the sudden death of Mr. Leonard Bayley, of Lethbridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bayley of Chinook, following an operation.

To Export More To United States

Toronto, April 26 (CP)—Exports from Canada to the United States will be increased greatly, as result of the Hyde Park agreement between Canada and the United States, it was said in a statement issued last night following a meeting of the executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The statement said members expressed satisfaction over terms of the agreement.

The agreement was reached at Hyde Park, N. Y., Sunday between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Mackenzie King. Under it each country would make war supplies for the other.

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